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Terborch. He took the picture in his hand, just as you now have it, and said, 'By Jove, this is a Terborch!' and then he said: 'No. It is not Terborch himself, but do you know, Baron, if it is not a Terborch, it is mighty like one! The picture is really very interesting, and it is a good deal more like a copy of Terborch than a work of the same school. But understand me rightly, it is an extraordinarily fine copy, such a one as is not to be found readily again. Perhaps it dates back to Terborch's time. Oh! but no, Baron, the picture probably was not painted in the seventeenth century; it must have been done later; probably in the eighteenth century. Oh, what am I saying!—It was surely done at the beginning of the nineteenth; but that is all the more interesting. The man who made this picture knew his Terborch to a T. Believe me, it is a stroke of genius on his part. I should never have thought, my dear Baron, that any one could so

well have imitated the old masters at the time of the first Napoleon. I am very grateful to you for having permitted me to see this interesting work."

This the possessor of the picture told me with great pride, and his spouse sat with us, laughing genially, and poured me a cup of caffeine-free coffee. The two good people were sincerely happy to have acquired, with so little money, a work which so greatly interested such an experienced connoisseur as the Dutch director.

I, however, followed with calm eyes the light cloudlets from the clear Havana which my host had offered me, and said to myself, "That's what you, too, must do in the future," but to the Baron I said, "Really, this is a remarkable case," and to the lady of the house: "You are right, madam; one could not tell that you use caffeine-free coffee; it is as delicious as the real mocha."

By KARL VOLL.

From the Süddeutsche Monatshefte, Munich.
(Translation, Lotus Magazine)

LIFE IS A WELL-STRUNG LYRE

Life is a well-strung lyre,
And I a wandering note,
Struck from its cunning chords and left alone
A moment in the quivering air to float;
Then without echo die,
And upward from this earthly jarring fly,
To form a truer note above,
In the great song of joy and love,
The never-ending, never-jarring song
Of the immortal throng.

BONAR.

From The Musical Observer, London